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WEEKLY VISITANT.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 15, 1806.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE VISITANT.

SIR,

In your last, you indulged Z. by publishing the vindication of an old bachelor; and I must confess, the writer displayed considerable ingenuity. But I am decidedly of opinion, that both old bachelors and old maids would be better members of society, more useful in their day and generation, and more likely to answer the purposes of their creation, by early uniting in the bonds of matrimony. The following extract, in language chaste and pleasing, justly satirizes these two characters. By inserting it in the next Visitant, you will oblige, *Your's*, M. T.

FROM THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

Lately, in company with my friend in black, whose conversation is now both my amusement and instruction, I could not avoid observing the great numbers of old bachelors and maiden ladies with which this city seems to be over-run. "Surely marriage," said I, "is not sufficiently encouraged, or we should never behold crowds of battered beaux and decayed coquets still attempting to drive a trade they have been so long unfit for, and swarming upon the gaiety of the age. I behold an old bachelor in the most contemptible light, as an animal that lives upon the common stock without contributing his share: he is a beast of prey, and the laws should make use of as many stratagems and as much force to drive the reluctant savage to the toils, as the Indians when they hunt the hyena or the rhinoceros. The mob should be permitted to halloo after him, boys might play tricks on him with impunity, every well bred company should laugh at him, and if when turned of sixty, he offered to make love, his mistress might spit in his face, or what would be perhaps a greater punishment, fairly grant him the favor.

"As for old maids," continued I, "they should not be treated with so much severity, because I suppose none would be so if they could. No lady in her senses would chuse to make a subordinate figure at christenings and lyings-in, when she might be the principal herself; nor curry favour with a sister-in-law, when she might command an husband; nor toil in preparing custards, when she might lie a-bed and give directions how they ought to be made; nor stifle all her sensations in demure formality, when she might with matrimonial freedom shake her acquaintance by the hand, and wink

at a double entendre. No lady could be so very silly as to live single, if she could help it. I consider an unmarried lady declining into the vale of years, as one of those charming countries bordering on China that lies waste for want of proper inhabitants. We are not to accuse the country, but the ignorance of its neighbours, who are insensible of its beauties, though at liberty to enter and cultivate the soil."

"Indeed, Sir," replied my companion, "you are very little acquainted with the English ladies, to think they are old maids against their will. I dare venture to affirm that you can hardly select one of them all, but has had frequent offers of marriage, which, either pride or avarice has not made her reject. Instead of thinking it a disgrace, they take every occasion to boast of their former cruelty; a soldier does not exult more when he counts over the wounds he had received, than a female veteran when she relates the wounds she has formerly given; exhaustless when she begins a narrative of the former death dealing power of her eyes. She tells of the knight in gold lace, who died with a single frown, and never rose again till—he was married to his maid: Of the squire, who being cruelly denied, in a rage, flew to the window, and lifting up the sash, threw himself in an agony—into his arm-chair: Of the parson, who, crossed in love, resolutely swallowed opium, which banished the stings of despised love by—making him sleep. In short, she talks over her former losses with pleasure; and, like some tradesmen, finds consolation in the many bankruptcies she has suffered.

"For this reason, whenever I see a superannuated beauty still unmarried, I tacitly accuse her either of pride, avarice, coquetry or affectation. There is Miss Jenny Tinderbox, I once remember her to have had some beauty, and a moderate fortune. Her elder sister happened to marry a man of quality, and this seemed as a statute of virginity against poor Jane. Because there was one lucky hit in the family, she was resolved not to disgrace it by introducing a tradesman; by thus rejecting her equals, and neglected or despised by her superiors, she now acts in the capacity of turtoress to her sister's children, and undergoes the drudgery of three servants, without receiving the wages of one.

"Miss Squeeze was a pawn-broker's daughter; her father had early taught her that money was a very good thing, and left her a moderate fortune at his death. She was so perfectly sensible of the value of what she had got, that she was resolved never to part with a farthing without an equality on the part of her suitor: she thus refused several offers made her by people who wanted to better themselves, as the saying is; and grew old and ill-natured, without ever considering that she should have made an abatement in her pretensions, from her face being pale, and marked with the small-pox.

"Lady Betty Tempest on the contrary had beauty, with fortune and family. But, fond of conquest, she passed from triumph to triumph; she had read plays and romances, and there had learned

that a plain man of common sense was no better than a fool; such she refused, and sighed only for the gay, giddy, inconstant, and thoughtless. After she had thus rejected hundreds who liked her, and sighed for hundreds who despised her, she found herself insensibly deserted: at present she is company only for her aunts and cousins, and sometimes makes one in a country dance, with only one of the chairs for a partner, cast off round a joint-stool, and sets to a corner cup-board. In a word, she is treated with civil contempt from every quarter, and placed, like a piece of old fashioned lumber, merely to fill up a corner.

"But Sophronia, the sagacious Sophronia! how shall I mention her? She was taught to love Greek, and hate the men from her very infancy: she has rejected fine gentlemen because they were not pedants, and pedants because they were not fine gentlemen; her exquisite sensibility has taught her to discover every fault in every lover, and her inflexible justice has prevented her pardoning them. Thus she rejected several offers, till the wrinkles of age had overtaken her; and now, without one good feature in her face, she talks incessantly of the beauties of the mind."

LITERARY AMUSEMENT.

LOVE AND HUMILITY.

A ROMAN ROMANCE.

[*Continued.*]

Touched by his misery, I felt the injustice of Fortune. I desired to console him; but when I remembered that the slave had been my prince, my heart recoiled with awe. A natural air of majesty breathed in his least gesture; Nature designed him for a prince; his eye commanded, though his tougue was silent.

Has not Nature created some men capable of imparting felicity to a whole people? Oh; were Aciloe (I thought) on his throne, the sun would look cheerfull to desolated Macedonia! Such were my thoughts; perhaps the thoughts of a slave: for are not all equals, when they meet in misery? Ah! the miserable want not *respect*, they only claim *compassion!*

At length, so much he interested me, that I felt nothing but pity. One day the prince was winnowing corn: already the star Venus had risen, and half the day's task yet remained: exanimate, he dropt the flail; he sat down and covered his face with his hands. I approached, and with eyes fixed on the ground, and tremulous footsteps: I knelt before him:—Aciloe! behold a Macedonian! Oh, Prince! thou hast yet one faithful subject! He raised his face, flushed with faint crimson, and wiped away the tear on his burning cheek: he smiled with a tender grace. Ye gods! that first smile which entered my heart, still vibrates on its fibres! As if my mutual labour had inspired him, that evening he seemed to have forgotten Macedon.

Learn, ye maidens! that in the gentle offices of pity, so sweet are the pleasures, we love to repeat them. Beware, my friends! of that soft-souled

Power ! Pity, ye know, is the sister of Love. Ah ! often she betrays us into her brother's power, that volatile boy of heaven, whose smiling eyes are malicious, and whose very sports are cruel. Yes, Love stole from Pity the spark he touched into a flame.

I dared to love Aciloe ! I loved, but I resolved to perish, ere I would tell my love.

The earth now seemed for ever to deny me tranquillity, and I sought for it in heaven and in hell. I knew an old woman of Thessaly, she was a great enchantress ; she once gave a philtre for a maid, administered by the hand of her lover, who, for ten years, had in vain sprinkled libations of wine at her door, and covered the walls of his house with her cherished name. She drank it and she loved ! But her passion was distracted ; her senses were injured ; it was a love without modesty ; and she expired in the arms of her miserable lover. I preferred the mild rites of incantation. She gave me a waxen image ; she told me to call it by the name of him I loved, and to place it near the fire, and as it turned and melted with heat, he too would turn and melt whose name it bore. I turned the image ; I blessed it as it dissolved, drop by drop ; and the next day I sought Aciloe with eager joy ; but alas ! the heat had not reached him ! I told the old Thessalian, and she said,—Unhappy maid ! Hell has no remedy for thy love !—I had dreams by night : I related them to the Augurs, and they told me to supplicate the god of love. What incense breathed, what turtles bled on his altar ! I told the augurs that the god was inexorable. Dost thou not see, they replied, that when thou sacrificest, nothing but smoke and vapours are rolled about the altar ? Forget thyself, unhappy maid ! Heaven is not thy friend !

Yet I could not despair ; the pains of love are not without pleasure, yet his pleasures are full of pain. Much I desired, little hoped, and nothing asked*.

Have ye not all worshipped the APOLLO of Praxiteles ? Has not its enchanting illusion possessed your senses ? Surely the god sculptured his own statue ! The flexible softness of that marble, where the blood seems moving in the veins ; the airy harmony in the proportions, which, to the deceived eye, gives the sense motion ; the celestial smile on those half-opened lips, which makes one incline as if to listen ! Softened from off the green spring of life, thine is eternal youth, the health of a divinity ; brilliant, yet tender, as the opening dawn ! I have gazed on the sculptured god till I thought it glided in the air ! Is not such the statue of Apollo ? and such, ye virgins ! was the form of Aciloe !

Familiarised to my services, he almost conversed with me as an equal ; but often a dignity in his air, and a majesty in his conceptions, separated from his my humbled spirit. Yet he deigned to accept my attentions : I hastened my own labours to conclude his unfinished tasks ; and Aciloe was restored to health ! He recovered his vivacity ; mine sunk as his recovered. The finest form in nature seemed to start from the remains of its decay : I would have given a treasure for a bracelet of his hair. As I gazed on the shining

* "Brama assai, poco spera, e nulla chiede."

A verse from Tasso, so descriptive of a modest passion. It is omitted by Hoole.

whiteness of his neck, while a loose ringlet that had fallen from the rest, threw its soft shadow, how often I sighed to weave it round my fingers !

I felt myself perishing. I slumbered in half-awakened dreams ; I started in tremors ; I was lost in reverie. I rose weary in the morning, as if the night had been a night of toil. I looked on the sun, and it cheered me not ; I gazed on Aciloe, and all my senses burned. Oppressed by my own labours when I toiled for Aciloe, that labour seemed to restore me. Aciloe saw my dejection, and suffered me not to toil. Oh, the change ! Now the pining shadow of what I was, Aciloe, warm in health and gratitude, labored for me ! He would inquire the cause of my concealed dejection : I found no voice, but I felt the blood paint my cheek.

Sometimes my love was not without hope, and I imagined Aciloe had discovered the secret of my heart ; but I checked the delightful thought, when I recollected that *Gratitude* is a shade of *Love*. One day from the villa he sent me, by a slave returning to the city, a garland, accompanied by a brilliant painting of the flowers, as he had interwoven them. I knew not which to admire, the creation of Nature or the work of Art ; when each is perfect, Nature touches, and Art charms. I sighed to think that the flowers would die that evening. Looking on the border of the picture of those flowers, I read this inscription :

"LIVING, we were CHERISHED ; DEAD, we still EXIST."

Ah ! I exclaimed, how the sympathetic Aciloe can interpret, at a distance, the thoughts of my soul ! But a thought more melancholy touched me—that I should soon die after them ; and the garland dropt from my cold and slackened hand. Reflecting thus mournfully, I found in the garland this scroll :

"Fade not like these flowers, for no PAINTING *can supply thy loss !* The artist can trace outlines and can catch tints, but he cannot *paint the thoughts* of thy *mind ;* he cannot give *another existence* to the *virtues* of thy *soul.*"

About this time I became solicitous of my dress. Would ye agitate the heart of your lover ? Be DRESS the unperceived labour of your days. Think of it every morning ere ye rise ; vary it with new forms, warm it with new colours. Trust me, one day, ye will observe how the eye of your lover shall linger about you ; how all that day, restless in ecstacy, he will mention objects which have the same colour as your dress. That dress remember well. When at some distant day ye shall be estranged from each other, then to kindle the heart of the cherished traitor, appear in the same dress ; be the colours the same and your smiles the same. Ye will then see how easy it is to wind around an affectionate heart !

As for myself, I was but a slave, and costly ornaments were not mine. I could not wear the purple dye of Tyre, nor the light tissues of the Isle of Cos ; nor were my tresses essenced with the Orenthean myrrh. But cheaper colours may enchant, and simpler graces may seduce. Sometimes I was dressed with the lightest azure, beautiful as the serenest sky ; or with the palest rose colour, delicate as the youngest of those tender flowers ; or with a chaste white, floating redundant on the ground, as if I had thrown over me a woven snow.

[*To be continued.*]

DETACHED EXTRACTS.

Idle persons, whatever be their age, sex, or condition, however rich, well allied, or fortunate, can never be well either in body or mind. Wearied, vexed, loathing, weeping, sighing, grieving, and suspecting, they are continually offended with the world and its concerns, and disgusted with every object in it. Their lives are painful to themselves and burthensome to others; for their bodies are doomed to endure the miseries of ill health, and their minds to be tortured by every foolish fancy.

Apuleius calls those Neck-kerchiefs so glassy fine, (may I so express myself?) which in veiling, discover the beautiful bosom of a woman, *ventum textilem;* which may be translated, *woven air.* It is an expression beautifully fanciful.

The agreeable Menage has this acute observation on the writings of Love and Religion.—"Books of Devotion, and those of Love, are alike bought.—The only difference I find is, that there are more who read books of Love, than buy them; and there are more who buy books of Devotion, than read them."

Designing lovers in the decline of life are ever most dangerous. Skilled in all the weaknesses of the sex, they seize each favorable opportunity, and by having less passion than youthful admirers, have less real respect, and therefore less timidity. *Goldsmith.*

"There is not," observes a spirited French writer, "any Language which may be deemed compleat; any that can express all our ideas and all our sensations; their shades are imperceptible, and too numerous. No one can precisely reveal the *degree* of sensation which he feels. We are constrained, for instance, to describe, under the general name of *Love* and *Hate*, all their variety of passion. It is thus, also, of our *Griefs* and *Pleasures;* so that all Languages but imperfectly express the sensations of man."

A Spanish poet, describing his passion, says, That in thinking of his mistress, he fell into a river, where the heat of his passion had such an effect on the water, that it bubbled up, and boiled the fish, insomuch that those who came to take him out, were diverted from their object by the delicacy of the fish, which were swimming about ready cooked.

HUMOUR.

Lord L———, more remarkable for his pride than his parts, being once withdrawing from a fashionable party, and wanting his servant to attend him, called out in a very loud voice, *where can my blockhead be?* "*Upon your shoulders, my lord,*" answered lady Bridget Tollemache.

Some gentlemen being in a tavern, in England, as they were in the height of their jolity, in came a friend of theirs whose name was Samson. Ah! (said one) we may be now securely merry, fearing neither serjeant nor bailiff; for though a thousand philistines should come, here is Samson, who is able to brain them all! Sir, replied Samson, I will boldly venture on so many as you speak of, provided you will lend me one of *your jaw bones.*

Lawyers and chambermaids, said a wicked young fellow, are like Balaam's ass, they never speak unless they see an *angel.*

A citizen was saying in company, that he had never seen an ear of rye in his life. A young lady then present, whose name was Miss Rye, said, at the same time shewing him one of her *ears*, here, sir, is *an ear of Rye*, which if you please, you may behold. The gentleman immediately caught hold of her ear, and gave her a pinch—Now, madam, said he, you have a *wry face too.*

SELECTED POETRY.

WOMAN, Dr.	CONTRA, Cr.
Oh, the woes that women bring ! Source of sorrow, grief and pain ! All our evils have their spring In the first of female train :	O, the joys from women spring ! Source of bliss and purest peace ! Eden could no comfort bring Till fair woman show'd her face.
Eve, by eating, led poor Adam Out of Eden, and astray ; Look for sorrow still, where Madam, Pert and proud, directs the way.	When she came, good honest Adam Grasp'd the gift with open arms ; He left Eden for his Madam, So our parent priz'd her charms.
Courtship is a slavish pleasure ; Soothing a coquettish train ; Wedded—what the mighty treasure ! Doom'd to drag a golden chain.	Courtship thrills the soul with pleasure! Virtue's blush on beauty's cheek ! Happy prelude to a treasure, Kings have left their crowns to seek !
Noisy clack and constant brawling, Discord and domestic strife ; Empty cup-board, children bawling, Follow woman made a wife !.	Lovely looks and constant courting, Sweetens all the toils of life ; Cheerful children's harmless sporting, Follow woman made a wife !
Gaudy dress and haughty carriage ; Love's fond dalliance fled and gone : These the bitter fruits of marriage ! He that's *wise* should live *alone !*	Modest dress and gentle carriage, Love triumphant on his throne ; These the blissful fruits of marriage ! None but *fools* would live *alone !*

THE SIGHS.

.....Where's the heart without its secret sigh !
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The Miser, as he shows you o'er and o'er,
Amidst exhaustless heaps will sigh for more ;
And could he drain the springs of fortune dry,
Still, still for more his selfish soul would sigh !
The Lover drooping in the silent shade,
Is an old dealer in the sighing trade ;
But let the nymph in wedlock ease his moan,
He'll sigh again, perchance, to sigh alone ;
Or, if with tender cares he still should pine,
His sighs are wafted to another shrine.
The Hero's swelling bosom sighs for fame,
To grant his wish is but to spur his aim :
O'er earth, if his victorious banners fly,
For other worlds to conquer, still he'll sigh.
The Poet sighs to lift his laurel'd head,
Triumphant, o'er the living and the dead ;
At last he sighs for wreaths to deck his tomb,
And flourish round it in eternal bloom.
The Critic hunts for faults with eager eyes,
And only o'er an author's beauties sighs ;
In short, thro' wise and weak, and great and small,
——————Sighs intrude on all :
And let poor mortals gain whate'er they will,
A sigh for something must possess them still.

THE QUACKS.

From each point of the compass quack doctors assemble,
Such a host of destroyers might well make you tremble :
But with noble contempt of all danger, you swill
Each *syrup of death*, and each health-wounding pill.

SALEM, MARCH 15, 1806.

NEWS.

From the Centinel of this day we collect the following information.—

The 30th French Grand Army Bulletin, is dated Austerlitz, Dec. 3, 1805, and contains the details of the battle of the 2d Dec. in which the French were victorious. The result of this victory has been an armistice between Austria and France.

The 31st bulletin contains an account of an interview between the Emperors of France and Germany. "These two Princes agreed on an armistice, and on the principal conditions of peace, which is to be negociated and terminated within a few days. The Emperor of Germany then informed the Emperor [of France] that the Emperor of Russia likewise designed to make a separate peace. He solicited also a truce for the remainder of the Russian army," which was granted, on condition "that the Russian army will return into Russia, and evacuate Germany and Austria, and Prussian Poland."

The 32d bulletin has not come to hand. It contains, we learn, the articles of the armistice, signed by Berthier, and Prince de Lichtenstein; by which the French troops, until the definitive treaty was signed, were to occupy both Austrias, the Tyrol, Venetian States, Corinthia, Styria, Carniola, Goritz, Istria, and part of Bohemia; and the Russians were to return home. Commissioners to settle the peace were to meet at Nicolsburg.

These accounts are from Paris papers of the 17th December, received at New-York, from Bordeaux. By this arrival it is stated, that the Martial Angereau, on the 14th December, at the head of 70,000 men, was in quick march against the English and Russians (16,000) in Hanover.

Letters from Lisbon state as certain, the conclusion of a Definitive Treaty of Peace between France and Austra, the 17th December.

Yesterday, the General Court of this State, terminated their winter session.

FIRE!—On Monday last was an alarm of Fire from the Shop of Mr. Nehemiah Adams, Cabinet-maker, near Washington-Square. The fire was extinguished without great loss. The workmen had gone home to dinner. Mr. Adams lost a shop on the opposite side of the same square, a few years ago. *Register.*

Four buildings were destroyed by fire, in Boston, on Thursday morning last.

MARRIAGES.

In Reading, JONATHAN D. WESTON Esq. of Eastport, (Me.) to Miss JANE NELSON, of the former place.

At Beverly, John Low, Esq. of Lyman, to Miss Sally Herrick, of the former place.

DEATHS.

In Portsmouth, 3d inst. the Rev. Samuel Haven, D. D. aged 79; and on the 5th, suddenly, Mrs. Margaret Haven, his consort, aged 60.

In Marblehead, Mrs. Mary, wife of Capt. Joseph Barker, aged 33.

In Boston, Hon. Shearjashub Bourne, Esq. aged 59.—Mr. Thomas Sheridan, aged 46.—Hon. Benj. Austin, aged 89.

At Beverly, Mrs. Deborah Gage, wife of Mr. Zechariah Gage, aged 69.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Barca," came too late for this evening's Visitant.

The favors of "A Friend to the Visitant," will be attended to.

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